



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07579035 6

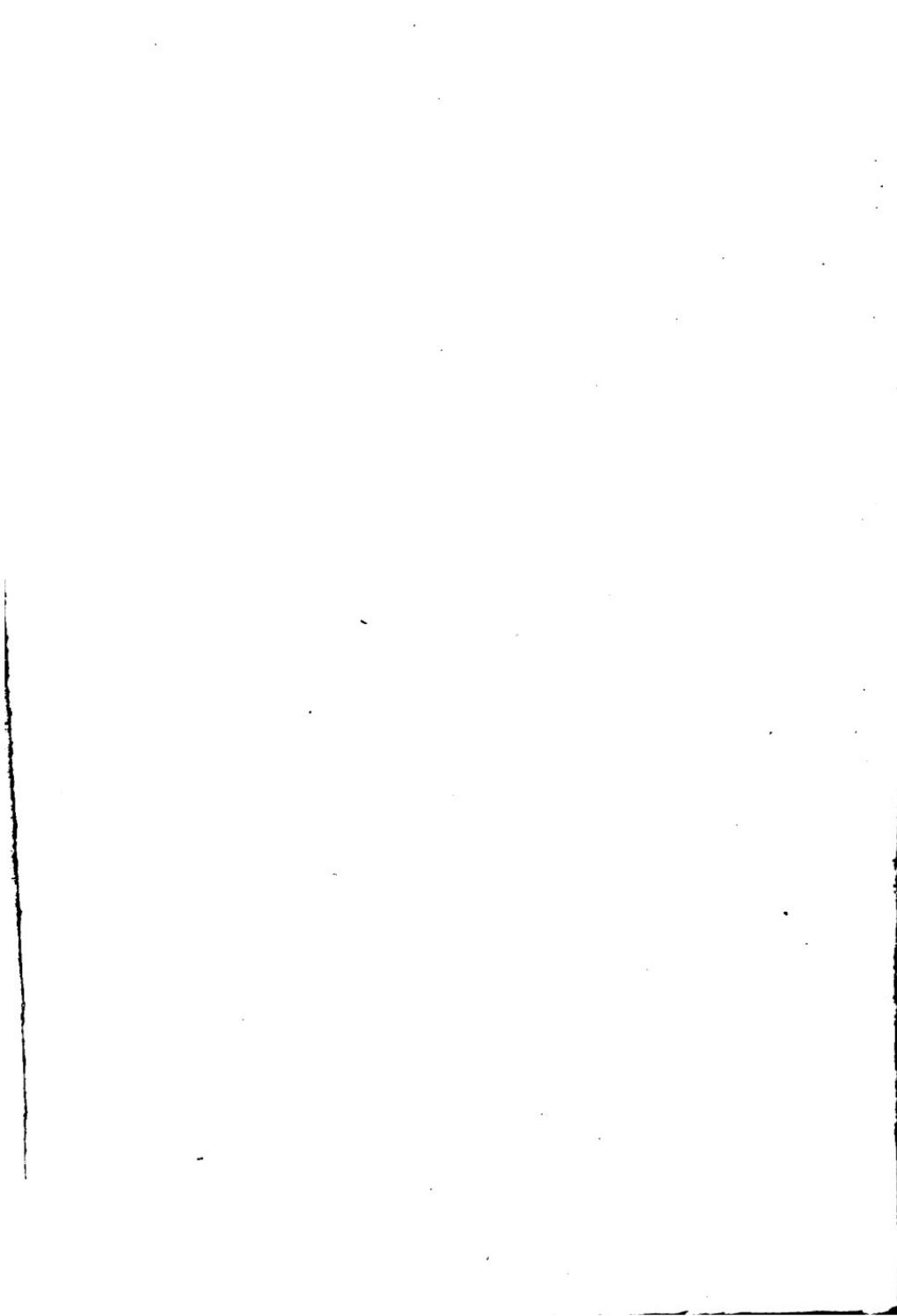
# THE WANDERER

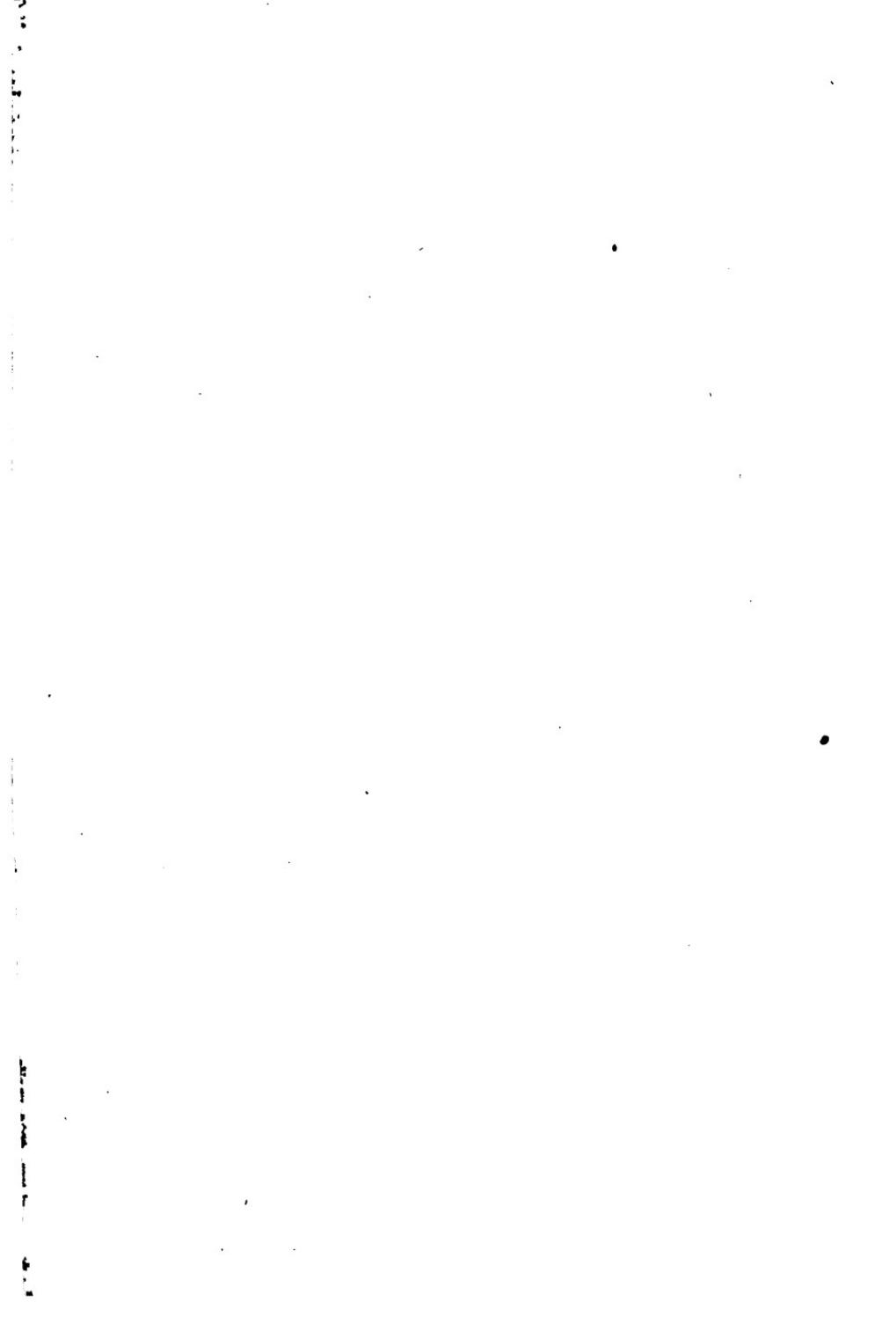
HENRY LANE ENO

LC  
α+x

ENG.

NBT







# **THE WANDERER**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

---

THE BAGLIONI. *A Play.*

ACTIVISM. *An Essay in Philosophy.*

INDIAN SUMMER. *Poems.*

# THE WANDERER

BY

HENRY LANE ENO



ALICE LANE  
HENRY LANE  
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY

NEW YORK  
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY

1921

APR

61756 A

ASTOR LIBRARY

NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1921, by  
**DUFFIELD & COMPANY**

Printed in U. S. A.

To

**THEODORE WHITEFIELD HUNT**

**21 X131**



**THE WANDERER**

**PART ONE  
THE EASTERN SHORE**



## THE WANDERER

### PART I

#### THE EASTERN SHORE

Long years ago, when from familiar shores  
The Wanderer journeyed forth in his strange quest,  
His heart was still aflame with youthful fire,  
Driving him onward with immense desire  
Toward everything most beautiful and best.

And though his own land seemed unlovely, bare  
Of all those splendours from far ancient times  
Which lay upon the Old World like a dream—  
Rude castle wall, quaint ruin-bordered stream,  
And fairer cities in more mellow climes—

## THE WANDERER

Yet, surely, in that heavier foreign air  
To which still clung the glories of the past,  
Sweet Wisdom would unlock her golden bars,  
And Beauty, in her glittering robe of stars,  
Would meet his ever-longing eyes at last.

For his whole life had been a haunting vision  
Of an elusive loveliness half seen,  
Since when, in boyish solitary moods,  
He roamed the sunny hills and sombre woods,  
Or, loitering in the meadows freshly green,

He heard faint voices in the summer wind,  
Voices that murmured to his wondering ears  
Of marvellous countries far away and bright,  
And snow-clad mountains gleaming on the night  
In majesty too moving even for tears.

## THE EASTERN SHORE

So now he sought his vision wide and far,  
Through temple and palace with their treasures old,  
In learning's ancient ivy-covered halls,  
By marble mosque where the muezzin calls,  
And even where the sacred Ganges rolled.

For long he lingered with the city throngs  
Giving his years, as spendthrifts waste their gain,  
To sit at many master's wise converse  
In search of some new teaching that might pierce  
The world-old tragedy of sin and pain.

For months, again, he wandered through strange  
lands—  
Wrapped in the mantle of his inner thought—  
Lands passing like a pageant to his eyes,  
Swift as dark-driven mists on wintry skies  
Where fierce winds of the wild storm-gods are wrought.

## THE WANDERER

He saw the Southern Cross shine on the Nile  
Over the golden Nubian desert sands,  
The sunrise on Himálaya's snowy crest,  
And heard the nightingale, in sweet unrest,  
Sing in the moonlight by Sicilian strands.

And yet the fairness of a thousand climes  
Could not appease his eager heart's desire  
To win a beauty that was still unfound,  
A wisdom deeper than the empty sound  
Of all the words that learning could inspire.

For, though he journeyed half around the world  
Still seeking ever, under the vast dome  
Of heaven, were it but a fleeting gleam  
From all those visions of his boyhood dream,  
He only found what he had left at home.

## THE EASTERN SHORE

Since everywhere men laughed, and toiled, and died,  
A prey to their purblind insatiate greed;  
And everywhere the swiftly gathering gloom  
Of secret and inevitable doom  
Foretold a vengeance which no one would heed,

Until, at last, the first flash from the storm  
Burst on the astonished world, while the dull roar  
Of cannon and the tramp of grim hosts spread,  
Through peaceful hamlet and fair field, the dread  
Inexorable thunderings of war.

Yet, swept into that sombre rushing tide,  
He bravely played his inconspicuous part,  
Till, when the long sad sacrifice was done,  
And victory, at last, was well-nigh won,  
The shafts of Fate found his war-weary heart.

## THE WANDERER

And when, as he lay lonely in the night  
With bleeding wound and slowly-taken breath,  
Eleanor came—an angel through the dark—  
To light again life's faintly flickering spark  
And snatch him from the hungry hounds of Death—

Eleanor who, in distant sunnier lands,  
Had been his playmate many years gone by,  
When they had roved their native fields afar  
Until the beam of Beauty's beckoning star  
Had lead her to some fairer foreign sky.

But now, through weary weeks and struggling hours,  
Her pity compassed him until, once more,  
The blood ran coursing through his quickened veins,  
And to his ears came faint and far-off strains  
Of voices calling from his loved home-shore,

## THE EASTERN SHORE

Awakening an oftentimes repressed desire  
To see again his own steep mountain-side,  
Familiar fields, cool brooks, and rocky glades,  
And hear the wind from pine-embowered shades  
Where thrushes sweetly sing at eventide.

Then swiftly, on the pallid crest of dawn,  
Out of the star-shine and the drifted foam,  
He came—from lands that now seemed far away,  
Unreal as tales told in some minstrel's lay—  
To the blue heaven of his forgotten home.

Yet, in the cities with their flaunting wealth  
And monstrous towers striving to the skies,  
He found but strange half-alien hoards in pain,  
Bound to the wheel by their mad lust for gain,  
Deaf to the Old World's war-worn miseries.

## THE WANDERER

For though, when desolate and far away,  
His distant country like a vision had seemed  
Of some bright goddess beautiful and dear  
In act of noblest sacrifice, yet here  
He saw, alas, that he had only dreamed.

So, heart-sick, his own forests took him in,  
Stirring the soul of his ancestral race,  
And calling him—from stern New England hills,  
From high-bent sky, and moss-bound rocky rills—  
Back to their rugged shadowy embrace.

And there again, beneath the new-born leaves  
Of elm and maple, sweet with winds of June,  
Eleanor came, her eyes as dark and deep  
As hemlock-guarded bluebells half asleep,  
Or violets under the new-risen moon;

## THE EASTERN SHORE

With heavy-woven tresses on her brow  
Gleaming like some pale-dusted ancient gold—  
Fair as cloud-moulded petals lightly born  
Upon the sunrise winds of early morn  
When fragile flowers of daybreak first unfold.

And there, through fragrant uplands clover deep,  
By shaded woodside and cool-rushing stream  
They strayed, or lingered by the murmuring sea  
Hand clasped in hand, like children light and free,  
Lost in the enchantment of a summer dream.

“Oh, tell me, then, dear friend of bygone years,”  
The Wanderer questioned from his lonely heart,  
“How long will this fair vision, now so bright,  
Enfold us with its frail wings of delight;  
Or must the world drift us again apart?

## THE WANDERER

Must I still search for some far-off reply—  
Sought through these slowly-lingering years in vain—  
To riddles that my haunting spirit asks,  
Forever driving me on new and stranger tasks,  
Wandering everywhere through sun and rain?

Or is this, now at last, the radiant dawn  
When all the melancholy clouds shall rend  
Before the glory of our day-star's glow?  
He asked; but, with a smile, she answered low  
“When love has come, all questionings will end!”

**PART II**  
**THE TOILERS**



## PART II

### THE TOILERS

But soon a strange new voice within him cried  
“Away! The heart of all your country calls.  
No longer can you linger here  
To watch the tender-budding year.

Up then, and westward with the roaming stars,  
Seeking the Guiding Spirit of your land  
Through evening mist and morning dew  
Until at last your dream comes true;

Undaunted, for the fight may not be won  
To-day, as when you strove in blood-stained France:  
But age-long is the Spirit's fight  
For freedom, beauty, and for right!”

## THE WANDERER

So, like none but some antique paladin,  
The Wanderer left again his ancient home,  
The hope of love, the love of ease,  
The murmur of his well-known seas,

The spires, the stately elms, the salt-blown spray,  
The mellow sunlight on familiar hills:  
Henceforth all these would lie—how long—  
Behind him like a lingering song!

And now, each day, the following sunbeams rose,  
Casting his shadow on the dewy grass  
That silently before him stole  
Crowned with a gleaming aureole;

Save when the cities hid him for a time  
Within the turmoil of their rushing hoardes,  
While wood and meadow deep in hay  
Seemed long ago and far away.

## THE TOILERS

And there, amid the pale and toiling throng,  
He sought almost in vain for some free soul—  
Free from the ceaseless clang and din,  
From misery and world-old sin;

Where men, by their own enginery devoured,  
Sweated and died that other men might live;  
And night and day vast quenchless fires  
Vexed heaven with their blazing spires.

Yet when, aweary, he had come at last  
Within the shelter of some sacred aisle,  
To seek peace from that restless spell;  
He found naught but a carven shell  
  
Old with the enrichment of a bygone age—  
Remote as painted mummies from the Nile  
Whence all the lingering spirit had long fled—  
An effigy of faith half-dead.

## THE WANDERER

And so he went again into the night,  
The silence, and the everlasting hills,  
From greed of gold, and furnace blast,  
And all the old gods of the past,

To where the living God yet reigns alone,  
Speaking with still small voice, to those who hear,  
In storm and sunshine, wood and stream,  
Or through the glory of a dream:

Across the pine-clad mountains toward the west  
Where golden rivers roll to shining gulf;  
Through meadows fresh with budding corn  
Green in the summer's rosy morn;

By farm and woodland through the rolling plain,  
Village and homestead where, beneath the shade,  
Rose sweet above the warbling throng  
The thrush's fluted evening song;

## THE TOILERS

Or by the uplands starred with yellow bloom  
Where bluebirds mocked the sky with azure wing,  
And meadowlarks had just begun  
To pour their hearts out in the sun.

Thus ever, in his onward-driven quest  
He slowly wended his long westward course  
Through morning mist and fiery noon,  
And the faint shadows of the moon;

Until, one night-fall, at a farmer's home,  
An old man welcomed him with these strange words  
"I, too, have come from far away  
Where the eastern sun leaps from the bay;

Where, in the minds of even humble men,  
There lingers still a touch of things divine,  
Some vision of beauty and rebirth  
In worlds above our common earth.

## THE WANDERER

But here the good and bad, both far and near,  
Are lost and fettered in an iron thrall;  
Deaf to all dreams, their dull eyes blind  
To splendours borne upon that wind

Blowing forever from the silent stars  
Where mighty Beings, in their ranks sublime,  
With god-like patience strive to claim  
Our errant spirits from their shame!"

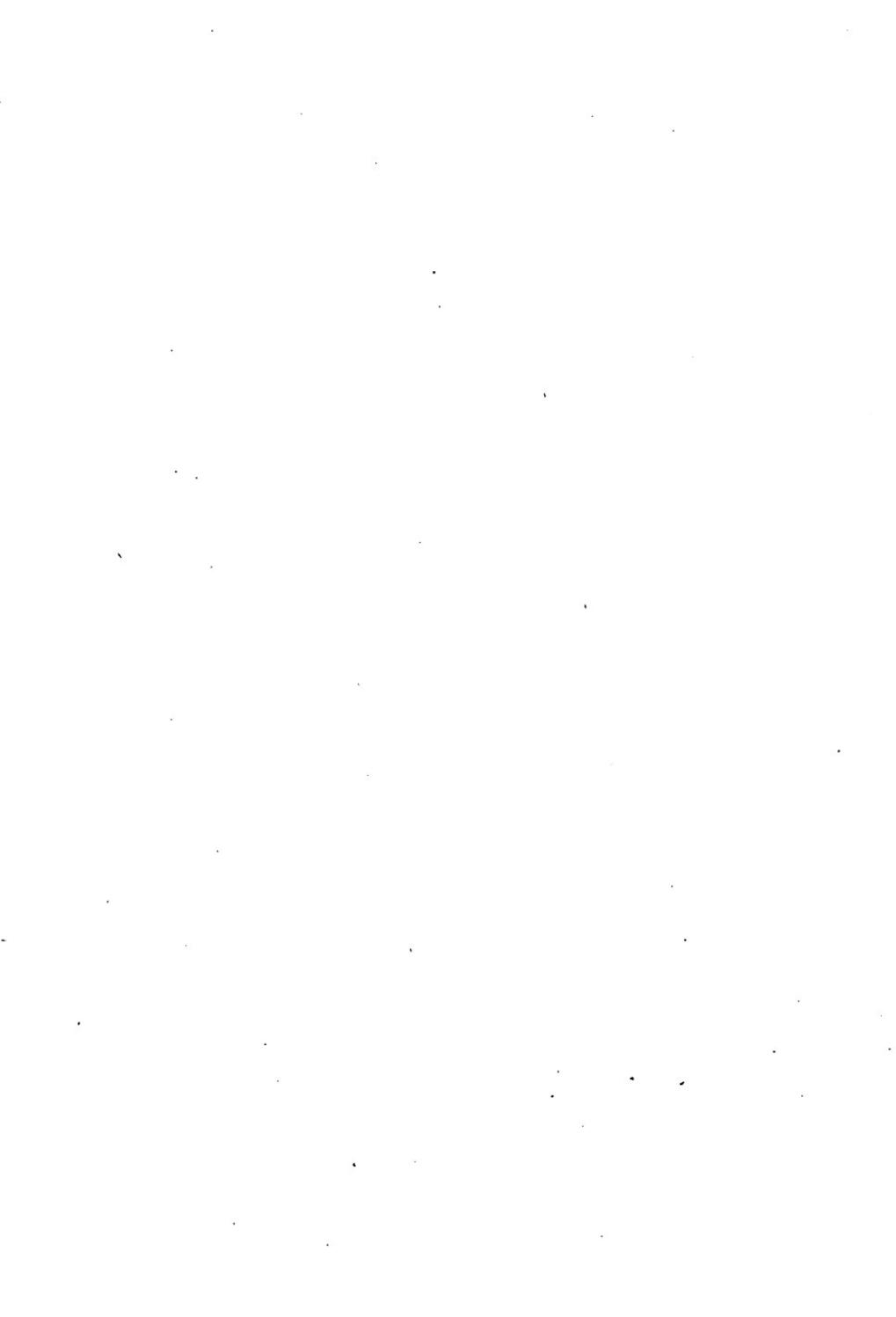
"Who are you, and what message do you bring,"  
The Wanderer asked, "That, far from your own shores,  
Your only friend Heaven's glittering brow,  
You live here humbly by the plough?"

"I have been sent," the old man answered him,  
"A follower of Sweden's mighty seer,  
To keep alight some feeble spark  
That this fair land may be less dark!"

## THE TOILERS

Then, even while speaking, seemed a tenuous fire  
To spread a moment on his forehead pale,  
As with uplifted hand he blessed  
The traveler to his peaceful rest.

Yet when, while still the sparkling tears of night  
Lay like a benison on waking earth,  
The Wanderer westward fared alone,  
His strange and gentle host had gone.



**PART III**  
**THE GRAIN FIELDS**



## PART III

### THE GRAIN FIELDS

Thence, ever westward, wending long and slow,  
He wandered through the boundless plain,  
By field on field of wind-tossed golden grain,  
Where sunshine rimmed the distant clouds of rain  
With crested snow;

While, farther than his vision could extend,  
Vast seas of wheat stretched to the sky,  
Or measureless lagoons of thick-sown rye  
That rolled in rustling waves, mellow and high,  
To the world's end.

## THE WANDERER

For through long centuries the rich life-blood  
Of stream-washed hill and mountain side,  
From far across the upland prairies wide,  
Had poured its slowly gathering fertile tide  
In ceaseless flood—

Feeding how many ancient tribes of men,  
Or mighty armed monsters, long since gone,  
That roamed huge forests now turned into stone,  
And ever waiting for some race, new-grown,  
To come again;

Until to-day the harvesting of years  
Lay soft in early autumn haze,  
Dreaming of savage warriors of old days  
Hunting the herds of bison from their graze  
With flint-tipped spears.

## THE GRAIN FIELDS

Vast golden granary of all the world,  
Pouring its wealth on friend and foe,  
Life-bringing rivers in unending flow  
That rush wherever errant winds can blow  
Or sails be furled!

Heart of old Earth, whose ever-abounding stores  
Enrich her countless children still—  
Nearby, in every hamlet, town, and mill;  
Afar, by tropic forest, stream, or hill  
On distant shores!

Spendid the vision seemed, bathed in the sun,  
And noble the unceasing toil  
That forced its treasures from a virgin soil  
To scatter wide the rich and ripened spoil  
So hardly won.

## THE WANDERER

Yet when night's purple veil had fallen again,  
Deep-strewn with stars until the morn,  
He seemed to hear strange voices ask in scorn—  
Voices of little children yet unborn—  
From some far plane:

"Tell us, O Wanderer—We, whose utterance comes  
Like dew upon the sleeping earth,  
Only to those free of the world's dark girth—  
What shall the harvest be in our new birth  
From these bright homes?

The teeming grain is growing tall and wide,  
But how do *men* grow in this ground?  
Harkening, we hear the faint despairing sound,  
Mirthless, of souls to utter blindness bound,  
On every side.

## THE GRAIN FIELDS

Grain and rich gold! What matter these at last,  
When we shall have escaped once more  
Through death's inevitable open door,  
Bearing alone to this strange distant shore  
Deeds of the past?"

Then on the silence and the star-gemmed deep  
The voices faded with the wind,  
Leaving the Wanderer's sad and troubled mind  
O'ershadowed by the healing wings of kind  
And gentle sleep;

Sleep, when the spirit, free from earth's dull bond,  
Soars into twilight regions dim,  
Over the midnight ocean's wind-tossed brim,  
Over the moon's mysterious silver rim,  
And far beyond.

## THE WANDERER

But, when the dawn again with crimson shafts  
Had pierced night's shroud from far away,  
While from each dew-drenched sun-ensparkled spray  
Swift heralding the glory of the day,  
Sweet morning draughts

Spread jewels everywhere; refreshed anew  
By the enchantment of a heaven-sent rest,  
Forth fared the Wanderer on his lonely quest,  
Still following warm winds that from the west  
Unceasing blew.

Over the plain, like some slow-rolling sea  
Held ever motionless and still,  
As though by some almighty giant will  
Long frozen into broad-bent vale and hill  
And flower strewn lea;

## THE GRAIN FIELDS

Yet, to the unaccustomed vision, so clear  
In the pure air, so vast in sweep,  
Swaying with cloud-driven shadows purple-deep,  
That all the distance seemed to swing and leap  
Sharp-seen and near.

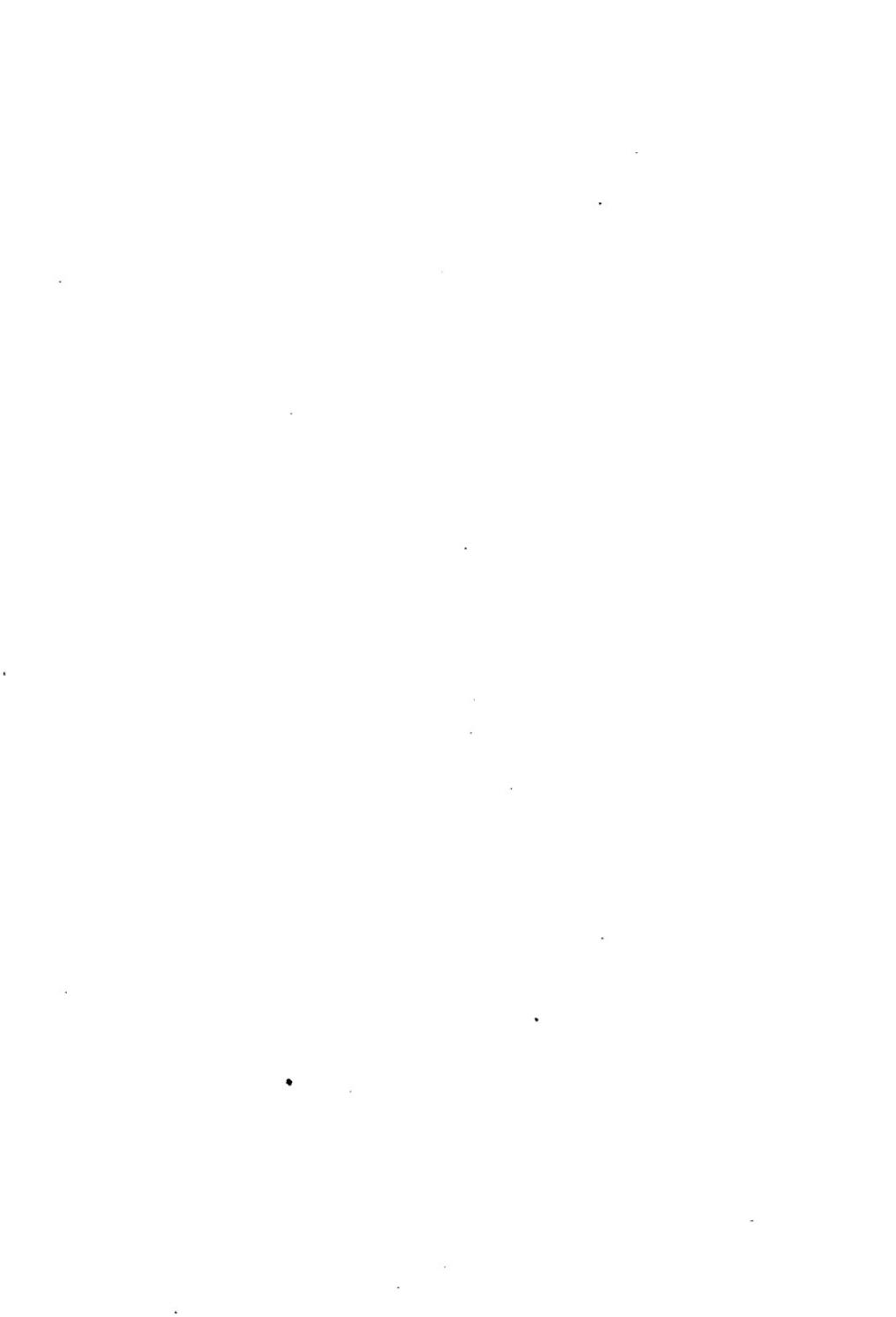
And then, at last, one day when storms had blown  
Across the sky with lightning sword,  
Wild rush of rain, and crashing thunder-chord,  
Far to the west over the prairies broad  
The snow peaks shone;

Shone like some fragile and enchanted range  
Of silvery clouds by magic hurled,  
With all their bright ethereal banners unfurled,  
High-flung above the compass of the world,  
Remote and strange.

## THE WANDERER

And the Wanderer's heart leaped toward that distant  
glow,  
Fair as the evening star's first beam,  
Mysterious as some half-forgotten dream  
Of mountains clad in loveliness supreme,  
Glittering with snow.

**PART IV**  
**THE MOUNTAINS**



## PART IV

### THE MOUNTAINS

“Heart of the mountains, in my heart your song  
Wakes all the longing of a thousand lives!  
Since, first, primeval Ocean, clinging still  
To your young rock, sank into age-long sleep,  
How often have I seen you in my dreams  
Beckoning me with everlasting arms  
To climb above the flat and sordid world  
And find new rest: How often, through the years,  
Has the far splendour of your shining crown  
Glowed, like a gleam of heaven, above the clouds,  
And kept me true to your celestial vision!”

## THE WANDERER

Thus rang, within his mind, the clarion  
Of all the hills; while, like a homing dove  
Straight-winging as an arrow to her nest,  
He drove his eager steps toward that long goal,  
Till the dim cloud-like barrier took shape;  
First the low foothills breaking like great waves  
Upon the endless ocean of the plain,  
Then the pine-crested heights, the vast grim ramp  
Of ice-scarred granite, and above them all  
The lonely snow peaks, sharp against the sky.

Now left behind, at last, were the pale plains,  
The grain-clad prairie, orchard, farm, and field,  
The patient deep-ploughed earth, cities and towns  
With all their ceaseless din of wheels and men—  
Gone like a swiftly fading vision of night,  
Lost in the beauty of the rising hills.

## THE MOUNTAINS

While, as he journeyed, ever stronger grew  
A longing for the mountains, cool with winds  
Blown through the pine-sweet forests from the snows.  
For there, at last, alone and far away,  
He might endure awhile with his own thoughts  
That even now, swift-winging from the past,  
Like rushing flocks of winter-driven birds,  
Cried out for answers—What of his long search,  
His country's need; of love, and Eleanor?  
For ever had her quiet footfall seemed  
To match his own, her softly whispered words  
To urge him on, and sometimes even her hand  
All quietly to steal into his grasp,  
Invisible and tenuous like the veil  
Of azure distance on the morning hills,  
When he, alone of all the sleeping world,  
Was waking underneath the watchful stars.

## THE WANDERER

So no town held him in its friendly clasp,  
No stranger curbed his haste, but upward ever  
With toiling stride in the thin air he climbed.  
And now the rolling uplands, yet o'erstrewn  
With purple autumn flowers, rose to long vales  
Deep-driven into dark spruce-covered slopes  
Where the late white-crowned sparrows, silent now,  
And tiny kinglets, their sweet-ringing songs  
Forgotten in the vanished summer haze,  
Were gathering for their far-off southern homes;  
While flaunting magpies and bold, flippant jays  
Mocked the shy owl hidden in the shade.

Then, after long nights underneath the stars,  
Sweet-scented with the pines, fragrant with firs,  
And musical with wind-blown forest lyres,  
Still upward the lone Wanderer took his way  
Until the mighty snow-peaks, like a wall,

## THE MOUNTAINS

Rose over him and blotted out the sky;  
While far below, beyond the lesser hills,  
Rolled to the east the illimitable plain.  
And as he watched the purple shadows flung  
By cloudy silver chariots, wind-driven,  
Speed far away, till shade and sunshine met  
Upon the azure sky-rim, and the world  
Of hill and plain swung surging like the sea,  
He longed again that Eleanor were there.

High in the valley, close beneath the snows,  
A lonely cabin nestled in a glen.  
A solitary trapper, old and gray,  
As lean and sturdy as a mountain pine,  
Called it his home; and there the Wanderer found  
Secluded rest; while, rich in memories,  
The ancient huntsman told of days gone by,  
Of winter snows and summer storms; of bear,  
And lynx, and antlered elk; of men

## THE WANDERER

Yet fiercer in those wild old early times  
While still the Red-skin hunted through the gorge.

But when alone—the trapper journeying far—  
The Wanderer, quiet in the noonday sun,  
Or by the nightly fire whose soaring sparks  
Rose mingling with those sparks of heaven, the stars,  
Lived with his crowding thoughts, till his whole life  
Drifted before his inward-gazing eye,  
And all the outer world—the mountains, rocks,  
And forest glades—grew dim and far away,  
And till, as he sank deeper in the sea  
Of rushing thoughts, he saw himself, at last,  
As any stranger, moving through the years—  
His boyhood in those far New England hills,  
His travels, work, and play; long peaceful hours,  
The pageantry and havoc of the war;  
And always, like an angel floating near,  
The dream of Eleanor.

## THE MOUNTAINS

But, most of all,  
There came a vision of the distant East  
When, long ago, he sat in the cool shade  
Of giant deodars, gazing with awe  
Upon the mightiest mountains in the world.  
So vivid was the illusion, he seemed indeed  
Still to be living in those far-off lands,  
Seated again, like some old Hindu sage,  
In silent meditation, breathing deep,  
Alone beneath the solitary snows.

Then, one night, Winter, from his icy crests  
Where he had long been imprisoned by the Sun,  
Slipped silently into the wooded vale,  
And when the day broke, all the forest bent  
Beneath a soft and gleaming silver shroud.  
Short grew the days, and long the frozen nights,  
When quiet stars, their vast remoteness clear,  
Slept at the pinnacles of their dark cones.

## THE WANDERER

But as the great cold ever grew apace,  
And arctic blizzards piled the trail with drifts,  
The Wanderer's heart turned weary, and his wounds  
Awoke afresh from their long healing sleep:  
And though the rough old trapper watched him well,  
The poison spread through all his weakened frame,  
Bringing illusions, fever-born and wild,  
Crowding disordered from the shadowy past,  
Until he lived again those awful hours  
Upon the far-off battle-fields of France,  
And nightly-long the beating of his heart  
Thundered the roar of cannon in his ears.

But, one night, when the rushing western winds  
Had vanished suddenly, and a deep calm  
Fell, like a benediction, on the hills,  
He seemed to feel a cool and soothing touch  
Like heavenly dew upon his burning brow.  
“Awake!” a voice said gently, “I am here!”

## THE MOUNTAINS

And gazing through the dark he seemed to see  
An unknown stranger seated by his side.

"I have come from far," the words flowed thin and  
clear,

"Because you are a messenger sent forth  
By those who have prepared you all these years—  
Whose hidden purposes I also, serve—  
Chosen to kindle the faint dawning spark  
Of wider vision in this new-born land.

A comrade waits for you, and now is near.  
Send to her; for your work is not yet done!"  
So speaking, the stranger faded on the night,  
Still leaving a faint radiance in the gloom.

Then out into the wilderness of ice  
The gaunt old trapper fought his gallant way,  
Snow-shoed and furred, ever speeding toward the  
plain,  
Through pass and forest tracked with tiny feet,  
While the Wanderer, lonely in the mountain wilds,

## THE WANDERER

Slept but to waken, and then slept again.  
How many hours had passed he could not tell.  
For day slid into night, night into day,  
Until his feeble hand could hardly grasp  
The draught that kept his soul and body there;  
When lo! one sunrise, the rude door flung wide,  
And Eleanor, against the rosy dawn,  
Stood like a dream of heaven, and stretching out  
His longing arms, the darkness took him in.

For life and love they fought the winter long,  
Till victory was won at last when Spring  
First hovered lightfoot on the ice-bound hills,  
And once again, in sheltered valleys, Earth  
Awoke from her profound and frosty sleep.  
Then, when the mountain pass was free once more,  
And lingering sunshine lay upon the pines,  
They left the lonely glen, and, with the dawn  
Of hope and love, there rose again for them  
Desire of life, and homely ways of men:

## THE MOUNTAINS

From far, the warm heart of the waking world  
Called to their quickening pulses, once again  
An eager longing kindled in their blood  
To hear the music of the mating birds,  
The rustle of soft winds among the leaves,  
To smell the salt spray blowing from the rocks,  
And listen to the thunder of the waves.

Away then, westward, toward the distant shore  
With Eleanor beside him, through the plains  
Now greening with the first faint flush of spring,  
Where meadowlark and towhee tuned their lay;  
Through gloomy winding cañons up once more,  
Over the mountains, bare and snowbound still,  
By river, forest, lake, and wilderness  
Aglow with magic purple desert haze,  
Through town and village; till, at last, the sun  
Faded before them, through a mist of gold,  
Into the glory of the western sea.



**PART V**

**THE SONG OF THE STRANGER**



## PART V

### THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

Then, idly once again, o'er field and wood  
They roamed together, long hour after hour,  
Through sunshine and brief rainbow-tinted shower;  
Or when the round moon in pale splendour stood  
Above the mountains pouring down a flood  
Of magic silver radiance, while the power  
Of love—now come to its perfected flower—  
Swept them along in its melodious mood.  
And there, at last, in the immortal Spring,  
The first strange answer to their longing came,  
Lighting the darkness with enchanted flame  
Until they seemed to soar above the ring  
Of solid earth and ocean's mighty frame  
Like floating falcons on unwearied wing.

## THE WANDERER

For, one night, as in silence and alone  
They lingered by the limitless expanse  
Of waters where the frail and glittering dance  
Had just begun of fairy starbeams flown  
From their far-distant homes, lulled by the drone  
Of dreaming waves into a gentle trance,  
Suddenly all the world's long circumstance  
Was to their new-enlightened vision shown;  
While, to their unaccustomed ears, the song  
Of some remote and sweet-voiced stranger told,  
In magic cadences, of right and wrong,  
Fresh worlds new-born before the stars were old,  
Life, death, and love; and all those ages long  
That Destiny's mysterious books unfold.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### THE SEA

"To every child born by the ocean shore,  
And nurtured near the mighty cradle-hymn  
Sung by the surges sweeping from the rim  
Of sky and billow where the sea-birds soar,  
There lives a haunting music in the roar  
Of breakers, in the cloudy tempest grim,  
That, through all life until his eyes grow dim,  
Can be lost or forgotten nevermore.  
  
For even his own blood that ebbs and flows  
Is but the reddened brine, now prisoned apart,  
From Ocean's ancient breast; each thing that grows  
Hides deep within its nature the old smart  
Of salt sea spray, and every wind that blows  
The eternal rhythm of that great mother-heart!"

## THE WANDERER

### SPRING

“There comes a magic hour in every year  
When all the world, on tiptoe, seems to pause,  
Harkening to silvery ripples of applause  
From meadow, vale, and forest far and near,  
Swift-roaming fox, and crowing chanticleer,  
From wind-swept hillside where the late snow thaws  
And sweet-toned thrushes hidden in the shaws  
Tell to the listening throng that Spring is here:  
When fled o’ernight are all the wintry gales,  
Deep-lying snowdrifts, and wild leaden sea,  
The northern ice-bound ships and close-furled sails—  
Gone, like a swiftly fading memory  
Of dark and half-forgotten ancient tales,  
Before the sunshine of new life set free!

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### BEAUTY

“There lives a poet in each human soul  
Who hides sequestered in a land of dreams  
Far from the thraldom of our sordid schemes.  
A lightsome genius, free from Earth’s control,  
He roams through Night’s immeasurable scroll  
Of glittering stars; or, with the auroral beams,  
Delays by sweet bird-haunted forest streams,  
Seeing all nature as a mighty whole.  
For man does not exist by bread alone,  
But feeds his finer essence from the skies;  
From every summer wind whose gentle tone  
Sings through the fields with faint melodious sighs,  
And by each ray from Beauty’s shining throne  
Without whose love his spirit fades and dies.

## THE WANDERER

### REST

"Through the twin ivory gates of Death and Sleep  
Lies a fair country, waking journeys far  
Beyond the furthest unfamiliar star  
Whose beams take centuries of onward sweep  
To reach our eyes; yet, in a moment's leap,  
We pass beyond a magic filmy bar,  
Leaving behind the sting of pain, the scar  
Of sorrow, and all things that make us weep.  
For there we meet the old friends that have gone  
To those dim dream-like kingdoms of the blest;  
The warrior sees there all his victories won,  
The lover finds his dear one's gentle breast,  
And there the toiler, all his labours done,  
Sinks into visions of enchanted rest.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### HOPE

“When weary hours of pain are left behind,  
Cast off forever with their irksome chains,  
And, once more, through the lithe and tautened veins  
The blood runs dancing, then the wakened mind  
Knows all the world as beautiful and kind—  
The drowsy patter of midsummer rains,  
Dawn’s tuneful choir, and night’s remote refrains,  
And the wild music of the sea-born wind.  
Then everything that late seemed dull and old  
Grows young again with life and lightness new,  
The friends who were so far away and cold  
Are fond once more, the falsest lovers true,  
And all bright heaven’s wealth of radiant gold  
Gleams in each drop of sparkling morning dew.

## THE WANDERER

### DESPAIR

"There comes a crucial time to every man,  
Threading his way through life's uncharted maze,  
When, to his wondering bewildered gaze,  
The world seems mad and destitute of plan—  
As some vast midnight ocean where the scan  
Of farthest-reaching vision but surveys  
A waste of troubled waters that dismay  
The reeling senses with its awful span—  
When driven by those weltering surges dark,  
Beneath the grim and starless wind-swept skies,  
Alone upon his fragile tossing bark,  
The questioning spirit deep within him cries  
In vain for some divine enlightening spark  
To solve the riddle of his destinies.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### QUESTIONING

"Like some pale, argent, scarce-discernèd moon,  
That late gleamed through the gentle dusk of even  
Hanging her crescent in a shadowy heaven,  
But now faints on the azure heart of noon,  
Our little world floats in the void; so soon  
To vanish, her bright Sun-lord's glory riven  
By some dark star—with all his planets seven  
Fading into a final lifeless swoon.  
Then why was all this wondrous company born?  
What strange and unknown Fate must they obey,  
Before whose dark impenetrable scorn  
The galaxies of night, the fire of day,  
And the amazing loveliness of morn  
Shall last so little while, then die away?

## THE WANDERER

### WORLDS

“Through countless ages—since vast primal Night  
Filled brooding space with her abysmal gloom,  
And all the universe slept in her womb  
Awaiting the first ray of living light  
To drive the lingering darkness into flight  
Until the next far-distant day of doom—  
The pallid nebulae first kindled into bloom;  
Then, through the magic of some radiant might  
Sun upon sun, planet, and wandering star  
Pierced the dim distance with their tremulous gleam  
Till clustered constellations from afar  
Had flooded heaven with their lambent stream;  
The South’s bright cross, Orion’s scimitar,  
And the fair Pleiads in their glittering dream.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### LIFE

"Then, aeons later, when our tiny sphere,  
Flung spinning from its parent sun, had lost  
Its youthful fire, and brooding storm-clouds tossed  
Above a new-born sea, the time grew near  
For a fresh-dawning wonder to appear.  
Then, out of light and shadow, rain and frost,  
The line dividing death from life was crossed,  
And the new miracle, at last was here—  
The first rude patterns born of ocean's sweep,  
Ascending in an ever-lengthening chain  
Through strange and fragile forms still half asleep,  
Titanic saurian with pigmy brain,  
Fish, bird, and mammal; till, with final leap,  
Came man with his unearthly joy and pain.

## THE WANDERER

### MIND

“From that great moment Nature’s reign had gone,  
And the overlordship of the sentient Mind,  
Although in frail unguarded bodies shrined,  
Has ruled the world from Reason’s mighty throne.  
For the seed of a new order had been sown;  
Already from remoter realms strange wind  
Was blowing, and no longer dumb and blind  
Man walked the earth, majestic and alone.  
For now the subtile power of the young Soul  
Had stolen from dull Matter’s mindless throng  
The scepter of its primitive control,  
Teaching her fresh-born children that ere long  
The swiftest only should not gain the goal,  
Nor Victory’s laurels guerdon but the strong.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### SOUL

“And yet the end of that long senseless night,  
When man of his own self had grown aware,  
Was but the first step on the toilsome stair  
Mounting forever to the distant light.  
  
For now the fledgeling spirit, in its flight,  
With strengthened wing-beats sought the upper air,  
Greatly to suffer, and yet bold to dare  
The issue of its immemorial fight.  
  
So, striving ever toward the far-off Sun,  
The unfolding soul pursues its arduous way  
Threading through all the ages, one by one,  
A string of lives in limitless array,  
Until the final victory is won  
And twilight turns to splendour of the day.

## THE WANDERER

### SIGNIFICANCE

“So shows the world to backward-gazing eyes  
Scanning the past with wise discerning look,  
Not heedless of the inconspicuous nook  
Where Nature hides her deepest mysteries.  
For answer to each arduous riddle lies  
In every fleeting cloud, each rippling brook,  
If, to the many who are blind, the book  
Of life was not closed by their tears and sighs.  
Yet to the few there comes a still small voice  
That whispers secretly, “Be not afraid:  
To you alone is given the awful choice  
Of glories that endure or those that fade;  
For man was born to struggle. Yet rejoice!  
It was for beauty that the world was made!”

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### DEATH

"If life is but an ever-mounting coil,  
Climbing through whose austere constraining sheath  
The imprisoned spirit must strive, then what is death,  
Whose shafts the fairest flowers of love despoil  
When the worn body sinks into the soil  
Its fairness fled with a last sighing breath,  
While on the tomb a swiftly fading wreath  
Marks the sad end of all this bitter toil?  
Thus to our darkened vision does it seem—  
Yet death is but the gateway on our course  
To realms where, under the ethereal gleam  
Of sweeter skies free from earth's binding force,  
Quenching her thirst at some mysterious source,  
The weary soul may rest awhile and dream.

## THE WANDERER

### HUMAN LOVE

“To every wanderer on this toilsome earth  
There comes a day when mountain, sky, and sea  
Reveal a strange unwonted ecstasy  
Awakening the heart from its long dearth  
Into a glorious rapture of rebirth;  
When our old world seems suddenly set free,  
Swaying to a wild lilting melody  
That starts all nature dancing with its mirth.  
Then from each wood and field some tuneful bird  
Proclaims the joyful tidings to its young,  
Then dreams grow real, the quickened sense is stirred  
By visions that were sought in vain so long,  
And from some maiden every idle word  
Falls with the cadence of an angel’s song!

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### DIVINE LOVE

“Sweet is the enchanted hour of human love,  
Fair as the beauty of a morning mist  
That turns from gray to gold and amethyst;  
Or as the gloaming, when the amorous dove  
Leaves silently her secret nest to rove,  
Swift following the dark winds where they list,  
Under the night skies that the stars have kissed  
With radiance from their flaming homes above.  
Yet fairer still is the Eternal Grace  
In which each living thing must find its share,  
Whose love naught can diminish nor debase,  
Nor any unbelieving heart foreswear,  
And whose wide everlasting arms embrace  
The Spirit’s longing children everywhere.

## THE WANDERER

### ENLIGHTENMENT

“As from a hilltop by the tossing waves  
That roll forever from some distant strand  
The eye, far-stretching, makes its vain demand  
To pierce beyond the azure flood that laves  
The rounding earth, so our weak reason craves  
To overreach the eternal glistening band  
Which rims the sky and heaven toward that land  
Where we shall be free spirits, not dull slaves.  
  
Yet when the inner vision has grown clear,  
Released from the confining bonds of sense  
The soul’s perception leaves this little sphere,  
Passing to mystic regions more immense,  
Through meditation deep initiate there  
Into the splendours of Omnipotence.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

### CELESTIAL INTELLIGENCES

“Soaring in radiant spirals through the skies  
Tier upon tier into the boundless blue,  
Myriad as drops of early morning dew,  
Attended by vast angel companies  
And unimaginable harmonies,  
The everlasting glorious retinue  
Of bright Celestial Spirits still pursue  
Their unmemorial hidden destinies.  
Dim mortal vision sees but lambent stars  
Like far-off jewels on the helm of night,  
But to the eye of wisdom that unbars  
The gates of Heaven with its piercing sight  
The world with all its tragic woes and wars  
Unveils its inmost meaning by their light.”

## THE WANDERER

So, dreaming by the ever-sounding sea,  
The Wanderer with his lovèd came  
To see the whole world spread forth in a flame  
Of incommunicable ecstasy;  
While as, hand clasped in hand, to melody  
Forever sweetly new yet still the same  
They roamed the moonlight, the vast-reaching aim  
Of the eternal plan revealed its mystery,  
And as, together, they turned the illumined page  
Of prophecy, they saw their country dear,  
Freed from the bonds of this material age,  
Growing to wider wisdom year by year  
Until, in some far-distant happier stage,  
A fresh and fairer splendour had drawn near.

## THE SONG OF THE STRANGER

Yet now, obedient to some higher power  
That with its strange continual unrest  
Still drove them on their predetermined quest,  
A faint sweet bell rang out the appointed hour;  
And from that land of many a sun-kissed flower  
They fled to journey once more to the west,  
Braving old Ocean's dark and stormy breast  
For wisdom in some far-off eastern tower.  
There only, in the perfect unison  
Of mystic penetration, wise and old,  
With all that our young world has undergone,  
The knell of their long wandering could be tolled,  
The goal of their wide-sought endeavor won,  
Or the issue of their sacrifice unfold.

## THE WANDERER

Light from the East! What magic in the word  
Since first immortal man began to climb  
The age-long path to distant heights sublime,  
By suffering and terrors undeterred,  
Through some divine mysterious impulse stirred  
To seek his aim despite the scythe of Time;  
As poets dare to put the world in rhyme,  
Or as the spring flight of a north-bound bird!  
So, when the dark and doubt-engendering night  
Had turned at last to love's perfected day,  
In answer to some secret inner light  
That bade them end their over-long delay,  
With eager spirits poised for their long flight  
Into the western sun they winged their way.

